

# He Who Paints The Black Of Night

## The Vision Bleak

A painter I have been  
For as long as I can think  
But never quenched the feather  
Into the firkin of black ink

My motif's been of beauty  
Diluted and too light  
My stroke of brush is worthless  
Until I paint the blackest night...

A darkened empty room  
A screen in dreadful white  
Waiting for the flame  
Of inspiration to ignite

So I begin my work  
I sweep the brush through black  
A line on the horizon  
Now there is no coming back

But to my great excitement  
Like in a secret rite  
With trembling hand I paint  
And fill the cloth with night

Deeper and deeper  
I fall into trance  
I am led by a sorcerous hand  
With death in my eyes  
And madness at heart  
Grandeur is cast into art...

Of the shadow, of the sin  
And death therein  
And darkness fills my sky  
Of the brave and seldom kin  
Is he who paints the night

By a magic arrangement  
And the assistance of fate  
Stroke by stroke I descend  
Into the abyss I create

Deeper and deeper  
I fall into trance  
I am led by a sorcerous hand  
With death in my eyes  
And madness at heart  
Grandeur is cast into art...

Of the shadow, of the sin  
And death therein  
And darkness fills my sky  
Of the brave and seldom kin  
Is he who paints the night

From that secret fountain

Henceforth I will be fed  
Never shall I leave its haunt  
Until the day I hail the dead

I vomit on your junk  
And piss on your false skill  
You shall never understand  
The glory of good and ill

Shadow, darkness, death and sin  
Half off from this pack  
You will never be complete  
Until you paint the night in black